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The Three Last  
LETTERS,

Written by the late Unhappy

Monf. *De CATTE*,  
Captain of the Infantry of the  
King of PRUSSIA.

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# THE THREE LADIES

# Mount St. Helens - King Of The Cascades - Caption of the Inscription of the Mountain of the Columbia River

The Three Last

591. c. 24  
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# LETTERS,

Written by the late Unhappy

Mons. *De CATTÉ*,  
Captain of the Infantry of the  
King of PRUSSIA,

FROM

His Prison at *Kustrin*,  
A few Days before he was Beheaded

FOR

Concerting the Journey to *England*  
with the Prince Royal of *Prussia*.

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*Now done into English.*

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Printed in the Year MDCCXXXIV.

THE PRACTICAL

# ARTIST

WITH A HISTORY OF THE  
ARTS OF DRAWING, PAINTING,  
SCULPTURE, ARCHITECTURE,  
AND DESIGN.

## ARTS OF DRAWING

ARTS OF PAINTING  
ARTS OF SCULPTURE  
ARTS OF ARCHITECTURE

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ARTS OF ARCHITECTURE

## Advertisement.

**I**F the Tragical Event, to which these Letters refer, was as well known, as other Foreign Occurrences, of which our Daily Papers, generally give us sooner or later some Account, there would be no Occasion of saying any thing here by way of Preface to the dying Words of a Young Gentleman, who fell a Sacrifice to his Prince's Resentment.

But as such Care was taken to prevent the Circumstances of this Event being divulged, that they were hardly known in the neighbouring States of Germany; it will be necessary to inform the Reader, that the Prince Royal of Prussia, having

## ADVERTISEMENT.

*having taken Disgust at something that was transacted or transacting at his Father's Court, had formed a Design of retiring privately, without his Father's Knowledge or Consent, and to repair to the Court of Great Britain.*

*This Project was concertred between the Prince, the unfortunate Gentleman who wrote these Letters, and another Person, who is thought to be now in England: But when they were putting it in Execution, and the Prince with his Two attending Confederates actually on their Journey towards England, they were pursued, and the Prince, with this Gentleman, taken near the Borders of Holland, but the other escaped.*

*The Prince suffered a long and tedious Imprisonment upon this same Score;*

## ADVERTISEMENT.

Score; but the Young Gentleman paid for his Indiscretion with his Head.

With what a Disposition of Mind this Gentleman amused himself at Beginning of his Imprisonment, the Reader may guess, by what his roving and volatile Fancy wrote upon the Walls of his Prison: But when after his First Trial, the King of Prussia was not at all satisfied with the too mild Sentence of the Court Martial, who after a thorough Examination and Debate about the Circumstances of his Crime could not reach his Life, he commanded him to be Tried over again: And thus the Court, seeing the King absolutely bent upon Severity, was forced to cast him at last.

This

## ADVERTISEMENT.

This Change of the Scene of his Life, as melancholy as it appeared at first, had however this happy Effect, that now he turned his Mind intirely upon the most material Thoughts of his Life, viz. to be thoroughly acquainted with and reconciled to God, by the Mediation of his Redeemer, and an intire Submission to his divine Will. And being thus happily and duly prepared for a blessed Exchange of this mortal Life with that of eternal Bliss and Glory, he died, like a Christian Hero, for the Love of his Prince, and in Obedience to his King.

The

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# The First Letter

Of the late Unhappy  
 Captain C A T T E.

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*To his Father, Lieutenant-General of the Infantry of the King of Prussia.*

*Most Honour'd Father,*

**W**HEN I consider, that these Lines cannot but excite in you the deepest Sorrow and Affliction, your truly paternal Heart can be capable of; that the Hopes you have conceived of my temporal Ad-  
 B vancement,

vancement, and the Comfort which would thereby accrue to you in your advanced Years, are now to vanish at once ; when I reflect, that all the Care and Pains, you bestowed upon my Education, to bring it to an expected Maturity, have been in vain, and that I must be cut off in the Prime of my Age, before I have been able to shew you and the World the Fruits of your Admonitions and my own Gratitude and Experience ; when, I say, I give way to these Thoughts, I am overwhelm'd with Tears and sink under the Weight of them.

What pleasing Thoughts did I not cherish of answering your Expectation by my Advancement in the World ? How firmly was I persuaded, that I could not fail of raising my Fortune and temporal Happiness ? How have I nourished the certain Expectation of my future Greatness ?

Greatness ? But alas ! how vain have been all my aspiring Thoughts, and how empty are all human Projects ? All these flattering Dreams must now fall with me to the Ground at once ; and Oh ! what a melancholy Change do I see now in the Scene of my Life ; How different is my present Condition from the Hopes I was big with before ? Instead of pursuing the Way to Preferment and Honour, I must now tread the Paths of a shameful Death.

But, O Lord ! how unsearchable are thy Judgments ; and how unconceivable are thy Ways to the weak and prejudiced Minds of Men ? I may well say, Man proposes, but God disposes. Had I succeeded in my Wishes, how do I know, but in my Prosperity I might have forgot the Almighty, and been hurried away with the Torrent of a presumptuous World to the eternal Ruin of

my Soul. Might I not have preferred the Ways of sinful Pleasure before the Paths of everlasting Peace ? Nothing more probable ! And certainly such a Life would inevitably have drawn me into such Ways, as could never have brought me near to God. That cursed Ambition, which is instilled into us from our Infancy, without having any true and distinct Notion of Things, would have prevailed so far, that at last corrupt Reason would have claimed the Glory of those Events, which only and solely depend upon the Providence of the Almighty. But the just and wise Author of our Being has been pleased to prevent this Evil in me, who, having neglected and stifled the many good Motions and Operations of his holy Spirit, am now by his Mercy brought to a serious Reflection on myself, and a real Sense of my present Condition, that

that I might not run any further into Perdition, and draw upon me eternal Damnation, for which his holy Name be blessed and praised now and for ever.

Wherefore, my most Honour'd Father, possess your Soul in Patience, and rest assured, that this is not without the Disposal of the all-wise Providence of God, without whose Will nothing can happen, no not a Sparrow nor a Hair of our Head fall to the Ground. 'Tis he who governs All, who directs every thing by his holy Word, and doubtless overrules this my present Destiny. And although the Manner of my Death be bitter and grievous, yet the certain Expectation of my future Bliss is by so much the more sweet and comfortable. Though Shame and Disgrace attend my Death, yet what is that in Comparison to future Glory.

Be

Be comforted therefore, most Honour'd Father ! God has given you more Sons, who I hope will be more prosperous in the World, and afford you greater Satisfaction, than you have in vain expected of me, which I from the Bottom of my Soul wish for their Sakes and yours.

I thank you in the mean time with all the Sense of Gratitude due from a Son to the best of Fathers for all the Paternal Care you have bestowed upon me from my Infancy to this Moment, humbly beseeching Almighty God to reward your tender Love towards me a Thousand-fold, and that, what has been wanting in my Duty, may be made up by the virtuous and dutiful Behaviour of my Brothers.

May he preserve your Life to a great old Age, and bless your Soul abundantly with the Gifts of his Holy Spirit. With all dutiful Submission

mission I beg Pardon for every the least Transgression of your Paternal Commands ; and since this is the last Favour I have to crave of my most Honour'd Father in this Life, I humbly hope you will not deny me that, which the Almighty God has been graciously pleased to assure me of. I take my last Farewel with this Comfort, that though my most Honour'd Father has not had the Satisfaction of seeing me Great and happily preferred in this World, yet he will assuredly see me the more highly advanced in Heaven, who remain, till Death,

*Your most Obedient Son.*

And now, what shall I say to my Dearest Mother, for whom I had in my whole Life all the Love, Honour and Respect, the strictest Ties of Nature could oblige a dutiful Son to ?

to? And what Token of Affection shall I leave you my nearest and dearest Relations? The Condition I am in at present doth not allow me to express all the tender Sentiments of my Heart. I am now upon the Brink of my Grave, and must take care to enter Eternity with a pure and sanctified Soul. I have therefore nothing better to leave you for a Memorial, than what the Almighty said to *Abraham*, Gen. xvii. 1. *Walk before, and be thou perfect.*

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The

way to the Reversal and Change of  
the Government of New-Hampshire  
**The Second Letter.**

*To his Excellency the Field-  
Marshal Count De War-  
tensleben, his Grandfather.*

Nov. 2, 1730.

**T**HIS is impossible to express,  
with what Grief and Agony  
of Mind I now take Pen in Hand.  
I, who have been the greatest Care  
of your Life, in order to make me  
a happy Instrument of serving God  
and my Country, and who never  
went from your Presence without  
some useful Instructions and Admo-  
nitions: I, who should have been  
the greatest Hope and Comfort of  
your old Age, must now be the

C very

very Reverse, and the Cause of your greatest Grief and Affliction : Nay, I, who instead of joyful News, must myself be the mournful Messenger of the dreadful Sentence of Death pronounced against me.

But let not this too sensibly afflict you : It is our Duty always to adore the Directions of the all-wise Providence with a patient Submission and a quiet Mind. The Lord, who sends Afflictions, will also give me Grace to bear them with an undaunted Presence of Mind : Nothing is impossible to him : He never wants Ways and Means to rescue those, whom he will deliver. My Hope is firmly fixed on him : He can still dispose and incline the King's Heart as much to Mercy, as hitherto it has had the Shew of Severity. If my Deliverance should be contrary to his Will, his holy Name be praised. He can intend me nothing, but what is

is for my real Good. I therefore wait with humble Submission the Effect of your and other Friends Intercession, craving a Thousand Pardons, in the mean time, for all the Misbehaviour of my past Life, and resting in Hopes, since God doth not deny it to the greatest Sinner, you will not refuse that to,

*Most Honour'd SIR,*

*Your most Humble and  
most Obedient Grandson.*

**The**

# The Third Letter.

*To His Majesty the King of  
PRUSSIA.*

**N**O T to justify myself, not to excuse my own Conduct, nor to clear my Innocence by Arguments of Law; No, from an unfeigned Sorrow and Repentance of having offended your Majesty it is, that I presume with the most humble Submission to prostrate myself at your Royal Feet.

The Errors, Frailty and Inconsiderateness, of Youth, my no ill-designing Mind, my Heart overpowered with Love and Compassion, and a vain Imagination, which has no secret premeditated evil Designs in View; those, *Dread Sir*, are, which in the utmost Humility cry for Mercy

cy and your Royal Compassion and Pardon.

The King of Kings and Lord of Lords delights to shew Mercy rather than Judgment, and thereby brings the erring and straying Sinner back to his Duty and Obedience. In the same Manner, *Royal Sir*, as God's Deputy upon Earth, vouchsafe most graciously to extend the same Mercy to me, your Majesty's most humble Supplicant and Offender. The withered Tree is spared from the Flames, in hopes it may bring forth fresh Blossoms: Why may not my Tree, which already begins to bring forth new Buds of Fidelity and Submission, find Mercy in your Majesty's Eyes? Why should it be cut down in it's Bloom, before it can shew your Majesty and the whole World, what unfeigned Repentance and Obedience a gracious Pardon can produce? In the utmost Sincerity of my Heart I acknowledge, *gracious Sir*, that I have

have offended. Oh ! be pleased to pardon him, who candidly confesses his Fault, and grant me, what has not been refused to the most enormous Offenders.

*Manasseh*, as wicked as he was, at last helped to make up the Number of pious Princes. *David* could not fall into such a Degree of Disobedience ; nor had *Saul* so great a Thirst after Evil, but their Conversion proved as sincere afterwards. As many Drops of Blood as run in my Veins, so many Testimonies of unshaken Loyalty will your Mercy and Royal Favour produce in me.

The Mercy and Love of God encourage me to hope for Your's ; nor do I despair of your Royal Compassion, for which I most humbly supplicate as one, who has formerly been disobedient, but now with true Remorse and Sorrow returning to his Duty as your most humble Vassal and Subject.

*The*

*The ARTICLES of ADVICE, which  
he dictated to the Minister, who  
attended him in his last Hours,  
to be communicated to his High-  
ness the Prince Royal of Prussia.*

*1st, T*HAT his Royal Highness would submit in all Things to the King, not only as his Father, but as his Lord and Master.

*2dly, That his Highness would not give Credit to an absolute Fatality, since God's Providence was visible in every Event.*

*3dly, He desired his Highness not to think, that he was the Cause of his Death, for God had so ordered it for his eternal Salvation.*

*4thly, That his Highness would be pleased to remember, what *Catte* had told him of this Undertaking at *Potsdam*, and at the Camp in *Saxony*.*

*5thly, In all this His Majesty was nothing else but God's Instrument of promoting his eternal Welfare.*

Ce qui suit, se trouva écrit aux Murnilles  
de sa Prison.

C'est ton Fortune inconstante

Flatteuse Divinité,

Qui pour remplir notre Attente  
Charme notre Vanité.

2.

Menteuse dans tes Promesses ;

Injuste dans tes revers ;

Il n'y a Jours qui finisse

Sans nous montres ton Caprice

Par mille Tours divers.

Celuy que la Curiosité portera à lire cette  
Ecriture, sache, que l'Ecrivain d'icelle a  
été mis aux Arrêts par Ordre de Sa Ma-  
jesté, non sans Esperance de se revoir bientôt  
en Liberté, quoi que la Façon, dont on le  
gardoit, lui auguroit quelque chose de fu-  
neste. Le 16. Aoust. 1730.

The

The following Lines he writ on the Wall  
of his Prison.

## I.

Fortune, Goddess prone to ranging  
Yet when dress'd with flatt'ring Smile,  
Tho' we know thy Love to Changing,  
You our Vanity beguile.

## 2.

In your Promises deceiving ;  
As unjust whene'er you frown ;  
That in thee there's no believing,  
From each Day's Caprice is shown.

He whose Curiosity shall lead him to  
read these Lines, ought to know, that the  
Author was by His Majesty's Order put  
into this Prison, not without some Hopes  
of seeing himself soon restored again to his  
former Liberty : Though the Manner of  
his Guard set over him, portended some-  
thing very Tragical. Aug. 16. 1730.

*Ce qui suit, fut fait sur son infortunée Mort,  
par un de ses Amies.*

1.

*C'est la honte d'etre coupable,  
Qui peut causer un grand Tourment ;  
La Mort n'a rien de redoutable,  
Quand on la soufre injustement.*

2.

*Ami la tienne fait envie !  
Quand on a le Cœur noble & grande ;  
L'on perd sans peine un vie,  
Pour mourir si glorieusement.*

3.

*Toujours a ton devoir fidèle  
Tu peux servir assurement,  
Et d'Exemple & de Modele,  
Pour se Conduire sagement.*

4.

*Si le Roy cruel & barbare,  
Ne suit que son Resentiment ;  
Avec toy il perdra sa Gloire,  
Pour la regretter vainement.*

The following Stanza's were made upon his  
unhappy Death, by one of his Friends.

## 1.

'Tis when Guilt consigns to Death  
That in it we feel such Pain ;  
Men with Ease resign their Breath,  
When unjustly they are slain.

## 2.

Hence thy Fall doth Envy raise ;  
With such Blaze thy Virtues shine,  
Men wou'd scorn their future Days  
Cou'd they meet a Fate like thine.

## 3.

Firm and faithful to thy Trust  
Men hereafter shall agree ;  
To be Noble, Brave, and Just,  
One need only copy Thee.

## 4

E'en the cruel King shall live  
To deplore his Purpose crost,  
When he sees thy Fame survive,  
In thy Death his Glory lost.

**F I N I S.**

The following extract was made from the  
Supra-Divine by one of his Disciples.

1

The man God condescended to Deserve  
That is to say that man  
Who with His neighbour became  
Wise before his time.

2

Hence the Hell born from pride  
With love of Blood and Unkindness  
Who many years before became Devil  
Cord that made a fine life.

3

From the beginning of the life  
Who necessarily went astray  
To be Moppy Devil, and left  
One good only copy of me.

+

From the Devil King went life  
To develop the Bloods, to  
Who to see my Name invisible  
In the Devil his Glory lost.